

## OF HISTORIC INTEREST

TOWN OF GORIZIA RESTING PLACE OF ROYALTY.

Among Many Others, It Contains the Tombs of Charles X and "Henry V" of France—Known as "Austrian Nice."

Mentioned almost daily in the war dispatches from the Italo-Austrian front, the little town of Gorizia has gained considerable prominence of late.

Besides being the center of important military operations, Gorizia is of interest because of its historic associations. Lying between Venice and Trieste, not far from the Adriatic, Gorizia has a population of about 20,000.

The town has been an Austrian possession for more than five centuries, and its pleasant climate has earned it the name of "the Austrian Nice."

In the outskirts on a hill is a Franciscan monastery, the road to which is marked by the 14-station way of the cross. From the esplanade in front of the monastery church an extensive view of the surrounding country is obtained.

Below spreads the town, with the ancient chateau of the counts of Gorizia and the Villa Boeckmann, once the winter residence of the count de Chambord, towering over the less pretentious houses. A little further off one can trace the capricious course of the Isonzo river, the bed of which is said to be the burial place of Atilla, the Hun chieftain.

In the distance lies the Carso limestone plateau, sheltering the magnificent castles of Duino, belonging to the house of Hohenlowe, and Miramar, which used to be the favorite residence of Archduke Maximilian, later emperor of Mexico.

The horizon is bounded by Trieste, a chain of snow-covered Alp peaks, the Venetian plain and the Adriatic.

In the little chapel of St. Louis, in the right wing of the Franciscan church, the bodies of King Charles X of France, the duke and duchess d'Angoulême and the duchess of Parma had their resting place until 1883, when they were removed to a large vault under the high altar.

In this vault there are six sarcophagi, three on each side of a marble crucifix, raised on a high pedestal. Charles X has the duke d'Angoulême on his right and the duchess on his left.

In the other group the sarcophagus of King Henry V (the count de Chambord) has been placed between those of the countess de Chambord and the duchess of Parma.

On a black marble slab behind the sarcophagus of the count de Chambord is the following inscription: "Here rests the high born and very excellent Prince Henry, fifth of the name, by the grace of God king of France and Navarre. Born in Paris September 29, 1820. Died at Frohsdorf August 24, 1883."

Over his tomb is raised an immense white banner emblazoned with the royal fleur de lis, in compliance with the order given by the count in his manifesto of July 5, 1871, where he expressed a wish "that the standard of Henry IV, of Francis I and of Joan of Arc, which had floated over his cradle, should also throw its shadow over his tomb."

Manhattan is Flat-Footed.

Little old Manhattan is flat-footed, wears poor shoes and stands up at its work, according to figures compiled by Capt. Frank E. Evans of the recruiting office of the United States Marine corps. Captain Evans is authority for the statement that approximately 18 per cent of all applicants who applied for enlistment in the marine corps at its Twenty-third street office during the past year, were rejected for "pes planus," or flat-foot. He puts the blame on the cheaply constructed, poorly made shoes the average toiler wears at his work for the epidemic of falling arch, and on the fact that the majority of victims claimed they were forced to stand on their feet for long stretches while at their employment.

Motormen, conductors, subway guards, policemen, machinists, waiters and clerks are the principal sufferers from "pes planus," Captain Evans says.—New York Times.

The Ex-Minister.

A member of the corps of the British legation said at a dinner in New York:

"Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army.

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench.

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I say! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This—war, of course," was the reply.

The Scoundrel.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the famous "anti," said at a luncheon in New York:

"Some people think, because I oppose universal suffrage, that I am very severe and harsh on the subject of woman.

"These people liken me, in fact, to the man who was asked:

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Sure I do!" the man replied. "Clubs, sandbags, flutrons, any old thing."

## SHOWED KINDLY HEART

COSSACK SAVED BABY FROM INEVITABLE DEATH.

Incident Vouched for by Eminent American Artist Throws Somewhat New Light on Character of Russian Soldier.

When F. D. Millet, the artist, was at the front with a band of Cossacks during the war between the Russians and the Turks in 1878, an odd incident came to his knowledge. Mr. Millet's words are:

"One cold afternoon at the end of December a young Circassian Cossack came to camp headquarters with an article of booty which attracted more attention than any other object before exhibited as a relic of the war. He was dressed in a worn and shabby uniform and rode an underfed, carelessly groomed and overworked animal.

There was a merry, kindly expression on his face, and but for his uniform he would never have been suspected of belonging to the race whose name is widely synonymous with ferocity and cruelty. He had gathered up the long mane of his horse in such a way that it made a primitive sort of hammock. The fingers of his left hand were twisted in the knotted horsehair, and in this ingenious bed lay, or rather reclined, half-seated, a little girl baby, perhaps a year and a half old. She was dressed in a peculiar, antiquated costume made of figured calico.

"In reply to our questions the Cossack reported that he had been, with his men, that morning in pursuit of a Turkish wagon train. They were unable to capture the train, but had gathered up a great quantity of booty thrown away by the fugitives to lighten their loads. On the side of the road he noticed a bundle of ragged counterpanes, and dismounted to examine it. To his surprise he discovered that a child's voice proceeded from the bundle, and unrolling it, he disclosed the baby, lying quite warm and comfortable, just as if had rolled off one of the wagons. He said he couldn't leave the little one there to die, and couldn't take care of it himself, so he rigged a cradle out of his horse's mane and came directly to headquarters."

Married in Old Age.

A septuagenarian couple have just been married at Hull, England. Bride and bridegroom are both inmates of an institution founded for the benefit of tradesmen and others who find it necessary in their declining years to seek assistance. Each has a grown-up family. The bride has been a resident of the home for some time, but the bridegroom obtained admission only three months ago. Within a few days he was attracted to the lady, the rules of the institution permitting freedom of social intercourse little less than that enjoyed outside. The attraction was mutual; an acquaintanceship of boyhood and girlhood days was revived, and an offer of marriage was made and accepted. It was necessary to obtain the consent of the government body of the institution to the marriage, but this was a mere matter of form, and was readily granted. A friend of the bride, who lives in a pleasant country village a few miles from Hull, invited the pair to spend the honeymoon with her.

Foolish Fighting.

Andrew Carnegie said at a luncheon in New York:

To a Martian or any other higher intelligence this world war, which every belligerent entered with the declaration that he didn't want to fight, but was forced to—this world war would seem to a higher intelligence, I repeat, as unreasonable as the prize fight seemed to the old lady.

"An old lady said on her return from the city:

"My rich son-in-law took me to a prize fight one evening. I never saw such a thing. The two men came out, on the stage and shook hands like the best of friends. Then they began to punch each other, and all for nothing. They kept on punching away till a man in the corner yelled 'Time!' Nobody answered him, so I pulled out my watch and shouted, 'Ten o'clock!'"

Kills Cat, Calls Fire Fighters.

Killing of town cat and rousing the fire department of this exclusive colony into activity, was the manner in which Elliott Green, son of Milton J. Green, former United States referee in bankruptcy, ushered in "his" hunting season. Another result was the arrest of the young man.

Green started out hunting, but he couldn't wait until he got beyond the confines of the borough to try out his new shotgun. Near the town hall he espied a quail, raised his gun and fired. The quail went through the "pattern," but some of the shots sent the town tabby to its final hunting grounds, and the rest sounded the clarion tones of the fire bell.—Hillsborough Dispatch to San Francisco Chronicle.

Change Nautical Phrase.

The United States navy has dropped the term "helm" and will in the future use the unmistakable word "rudder." Instead of the old-fashioned command, "Starboard your helm," the new direction will be, "Right rudder." The old phrase sounds more "nautical," but quickness of comprehension and action are nowadays essential, and picturesque terminology must suffer.

## DOGS NO MATCH FOR BUCK

Animal at Bay Proved Itself Master of Pack That Had Been Put on Its Track.

Animals of different species do not often fight one another because they cannot comprehend or guard against an attack different from that used by one of their own kind.

The predatory beasts in many cases overcome their prey, not because they are very much stronger, but because of the fear and confusion that their strange method of attack rouses in their quarry.

For example, a dog of a fighting breed charges like a lion, and nearly every member of the deer tribe, including even the elk and moose, flies from him in panic; but when one of these animals learns the real power of the dog it is a different matter.

Hobart Ames kept a number of deer in a park at his winter home in Tennessee, among them a buck with a fine set of horns. The buck came to have a great contempt and dislike for dogs, and any unfortunate dog that got into the deer inclosure did well to escape with its life.

The buck had learned that no dog could withstand the charge or the thrust of his horns, and running from them was the last thing he thought of. On the other hand, the dogs were greatly puzzled by an animal that ought by all rules to run away, but did not.

One night the big buck jumped out of his yard, and Mr. Ames' foreman put the dogs on the deer's track and found him in a thicket a quarter of a mile from the house. There was a fight, and then the dogs were seen coming home at top speed, followed by the enraged buck.

His hair was turned the wrong way and his eyes burned redly as he charged every dog he could overtake. Several of the hounds were badly hurt and all of them were scared.

They fled to their own quarters, and it required the combined efforts of the kennel men and stable boys to rescue the pack. Probably if a single one of the hounds had learned to fight a deer at bay his example would have been followed by his mates.—Youth's Companion.

## MAN TAKES SECOND PLACE

Many Ways in Which He Is Inferior to the Partner of His Joys and Sorrows.

A man can't do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee does not boil over, and watch that the cat does not steal the remnant of the meat on the kitchen table, and dress the youngest boy, and set the table, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the butcher, and she can do it all at once, and not half try.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the starry heavens, he has harnessed the lightning, and made it light the great cities of the world.

But he can't find a reel of thread in his wife's workbasket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right end up. He cannot hold clothespins in his mouth while he is doing it, either. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

His Children's Work.

He was certainly a very poor specimen of humanity, and so far as could be seen, was certainly a fitting recipient of the pennies dropped into his box by the charitable-minded. Day after day he sat there, none knowing or caring how he managed the journey to and from his residence, in whatever part of the town that might be, without an accident. "What brought you to this, my poor fellow?" inquired a lady of a rather more practical turn of mind than many. "My children, ma'am," replied the fellow, with a pitiful groan. Dropping some coins into the box, the lady passed on, with a remark to her companion as to what some children are responsible for. A bystander, who overheard the remark, asked him the ages of his children. "The eldest is twelve, and there are four others," replied the knave. "Then you rascal, how could they bring you to this?" "In a handcart, the same as they take me away," was the self-satisfied response.

Ready For It.

He was traveling in the South and had to put up overnight at a second-rate hotel in western Georgia. He said to the clerk when he entered:

"Where shall I autograph?"

"Autograph?" said the clerk.

"Yes, sign my name, you know."

"Oh, right here."

As he was signing his name in the register he came three roughly clothed, unshorn fellow immediately recognizable as Georgia "crackers."

One of them advanced to the desk. "Will you autograph?" asked the clerk, his face aglow with the pleasure that comes from the consciousness of intellectual superiority.

"Certainly," said the "cracker," his face no less radiant than that of the clerk; "mine's rye."—The Argonaut.

Same Game.

"A fake beauty doctor is pursuing the same line of business as a gar-

## WHERE LITTLE MEN WIN OUT

As a Rule They Have Much More Assurance Than Their Fellows Who Are Big.

As a rule, big men are shy and lacking in assurance. A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, fills them with something like terror. The woman who appeals to them is usually some sparkling, vivacious, fairylike creature with kittenish ways and roguish glances. The little man, on the contrary, is seldom burdened with humility. He is a being of great aspirations and stupendous ambitions; he believes in himself, which is the reason why he generally can get the woman of his choice to smile upon him. The dainty, wee, Titianlike woman possesses no charm for him.

"A nice little thing," he says of such a one. "Fall in love with her? Oh, no! She isn't grown up enough to inspire the tender passion."

He likes a woman to be one or two inches his superior and thoroughly mature. He dreads any trace of the bread-and-butter schoolgirl. His ideal resembles the strong, heroic women Shakespeare has pictured, full-blooded and vital, full of character and spirit, with a fair spice of temper.

The big man dreads a woman's tongue. He is alarmed at the lighting of her eyes when they flash in anger; but the little man is amused, and rather likes it. That's one of the subtle secrets of the little man's mastery. Tall and willowy, with the promise of richer, rounder curves as the years go by, is the ideal of the little man. He admires a regal carriage, a touch of hauteur and, above all, style.—New York Weekly.

## NATIONAL SLOCAN SUGGESTED BY PROMINENT MEMPHIS DRUGGIST

Would Remind the Public to Prevent Sickness by Removing the Cause



T. D. BALLARD

a prominent druggist of Memphis says: "Much sickness could and would be prevented if the people would only remember that constipation is one of the first causes. As a reminder, I would suggest the slogan.

"Rexall Orderlies, the laxative tablet with the pleasant taste."

"I suggest Rexall Orderlies as I know their formula and believe they are the best remedy for relieving constipation. They can be used by men, women or children."

We have the exclusive selling rights for this great laxative. Trial size, 10 cents.

ARDREY'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

## EXCURSION FARES

Via Southern Railway to Columbia, S. C., Account Laymen's Missionary Convention, February 6-9, 1916.

The Southern Railway will sell very low round trip fare tickets to Columbia, S. C., account of the above occasion; tickets on sale February 4th to 9th, with final limit returning February 12th. The following fares will apply from points named.

Newberry	\$1.55
Greenwood	2.70
Abbeville	3.20
Anderson	3.90
Greenville	3.60
Spartanburg	3.05
Union	2.25
Rock Hill	2.75
Chester	2.15
Orangeburg	1.75
Charleston	4.10
Aiken	2.45
Winnabow	1.40
York	3.00

Proportionately low fares from other points. For detailed information and schedules, apply to local agents or correspond with S. H. McLean, District Passenger Agent, Columbia, S. C.

## NEGRO RACE CONFERENCE

Columbia, S. C., Feb. 9, 1916

The Southern Railway announces that the low reduced fares authorized for the Laymen's Conference, Columbia, S. C., February 6-9, will be applicable to delegates and visitors to the above named meeting. The following fares will apply from principal points:

Newberry	\$1.55
Greenwood	2.70
Abbeville	3.20
Anderson	3.90
Greenville	3.60
Spartanburg	3.05
Union	2.25
Rock Hill	2.75
Chester	2.15
Orangeburg	1.75
Charleston	4.10
Aiken	2.45
Winnabow	1.40
York	3.00

Proportionately low fares from other points. For detailed information apply to local agents or communicate with S. H. McLean, District Passenger Agent, Columbia, S. C.

## THE FATAL FLATNESS.

"What's bothering you?"

"Motor car," replied Mr. Chug-gins.

"Flat tire?"

"No. Flat pocketbook."

HER TURN.

Mabel—Are you going to the whist club this afternoon?

Alice—No; it's my turn to stay away and be talked about.

## Schedule of Services

Fort Mill Circuit of M. E. Church, South, for the Year 1916.

Fort Mill Church—1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m., and 4th Sunday at night. Sunday school every Sunday morning. Women's Missionary society every 1st Sunday afternoon.

Pleasant Hill Church—1st and 3rd Sundays at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Philadelphia Church—2nd Sunday at 11 a. m.; 4th Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning. (4th Sunday at 3:30 p. m.)

India Hook Church—4th Sunday at 11 a. m.; 2nd Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon. (4th Sunday 10:00 a. m.)

E. Z. JAMES, Pastor.

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Rubbing sends the liniment tingling through the flesh and quickly stops pain. Demand a liniment that you can rub with. The best rubbing liniment is

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Mail us \$10 for 25-pound Feather Bed and receive 5-pound pair pillows free. Freight prepaid. New feathers, best ticking, satisfaction guaranteed.

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# UGH! CALOMEL MAKES YOU SICK. DON'T STAY BILIOUS, CONSTIPATED

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Will Clean Your Sluggish Liver Better Than Calomel and Can Not Salivate.

Calomel makes you sick; you lose a day's work. Calomel is quicksilver and it salivates; calomel injures your liver. If you are bilious; feel lazy, sluggish and all knocked out, if your bowels are constipated and your head aches or stomach is sour, just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone instead of using sickening, salivating calomel. Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and bowels regular. You will feel like working. You'll be cheerful; full of energy, vigor and ambition.

Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal guarantee that it will clean your sluggish liver better than nasty calomel; it won't make you sick and you can eat anything you want without being salivated. Your druggist guarantees that each spoonful will start your liver, clean your bowels and straighten you up by morning or you get your money back. Children gladly take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is pleasant tasting and doesn't gripe or cramp or make them sick. I am selling millions of bottles of Dodson's Liver Tone to people who have found that this pleasant, vegetable, liver medicine takes the place of dangerous calomel. Buy one bottle on my sound, reliable guarantee. Ask your druggist about me.

# Look at These Rates

Under present dividend schedule the net second-year premiums are as follows

FOR \$1,000.00 LIFE INSURANCE.

—AGE—	5-Year Term	10-Year Term	20-Year Term
21 years	\$ 8.07	\$ 8.22	\$ 8.63
23 "	8.22	8.40	8.89
25 "	8.39	8.60	9.17
28 "	8.67	8.84	9.70
30 "	8.82	9.21	10.15
35 "	9.60	10.10	11.76
40 "	10.87	11.54	14.50
45 "	12.46	15.11	19.10
50 "	15.79	18.66	26.52
60 "	31.22	38.64	

These are Old Line rates in the best company in America—The Union Central Life of Cincinnati.

We will be glad to quote you rate at any age not shown above.

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